

# The Weekly Argus.

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JOS. E. ROBINSON,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

"THE ARGUS seeks to be a reliable paper for the people and the family Democratic, and bearing to discuss no issue wherein the people's rights are at stake. Progressive, abreast of the age, we shall always endeavor to keep our editorial and local columns up to the day and hour. Our circulation is rapidly increasing, and we hope to soon have the largest circulation of any paper in Eastern North Carolina."

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## STATE DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

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For electors at large,

CHARLES B. AYCOCK,

ROBERT B. GLENN.

## LORD SALISBURY TALKS AGAIN.

The Prime Minister of Great Britain astounded and disgusted his countrymen sufficiently, it would seem, by his speech to the Primrose League advocating an Orange rebellion in Ireland; but he has aroused even a greater sensation by his utterances at Hastings last week in denunciation of the British policy of free trade.

Fifty years ago, he said, everybody believed that the rest of the world would follow England's example by accepting the new commercial policy; but instead of doing so, the great nations are all adopting protection, to the injury of British industries. Other countries, he complained, seek to gain mutual advantages by exchanging commercial favors, but "none is anxious about the favor of Great Britain." Why is this so? Lord Salisbury answers:—

"Because Great Britain has stripped herself of the armor and weapons with which the battle is to be fought. The attitude which we have taken in regarding it disloyal to the glorious and sacred doctrines of free trade to levy duties on anybody for the sake of anything we get thereby may be noble, but it is not businesslike. On these terms you will and do get nothing. If you intend to hold your own in this conflict of tariffs you must be prepared to refuse nations who injure you access to your markets."

"We complain most of the United States," continued Lord Salisbury, but, as he naively confessed, "It so happens that the United States mainly furnishes us with articles which are essential to the good of the people, and with raw material which is essential to our manufacturers. We cannot exclude either without serious injury to ourselves. I am not prepared, in order to punish other countries, to inflict dangerous wounds on ourselves."

In this grave dilemma Lord Salisbury admits that the only course open to England is to levy high

duties on articles imported from other countries than the United States, in order to compel access for English products to the markets of those countries. He does not explain how cutting off the nose of France or Germany is going to spite the face of Uncle Sam, which is what he would really wish to do, as "we live in an age of war tariffs."

This confession of impotency to injure us is worth the serious thought of all Americans, especially of those who are likely to be misled by the specious advocates of free trade. England admits American products free of duty, solely and avowedly because she cannot help herself in the matter. American free traders say that we ought to give English products equal freedom of access to our markets "in order to extend our trade." But according to the confession of Lord Salisbury our trade already has full and free opportunity to reap every benefit possible in that market! He would gladly curtail or abolish those opportunities if he could, but he cannot; and since the United States will not accept the invitation of the fox who lost his tail and go into the free trade trap, the only recourse for the latter is to wage commercial war upon some other countries.

Lord Salisbury, in a word, acknowledges that the American policy of protection has driven English trade to the wall. The fact is not one to be deplored by Americans. A policy which benefits ourselves, while it cripples our chief commercial and political rival, is one which it would be suicidal folly to abandon. The first result should of itself commend the protective system; the second could be borne with resignation by the world at large, even if it went further and involved the political as well as the commercial destruction of the British Empire. The Tory Premier will not succeed in changing the industrial policy of his own country, but he has unwittingly exposed its weakness to the world, and America, for one, may thank him for an object lesson on the fallacy of free trade.

A tariff for revenue only—upon a commensurate basis, is the perfection of political ethics. Tariff reduction to this basis—and not free trade is the Democratic policy with Cleveland as its champion.

## "NATURE'S END."

Let others extol the works of man. Noble is their purpose. They urge us on to accomplish worthy deeds.

"Lives of great men all remind us, We can make our lives sublime."

But to-night let us attempt to rise above the meaner pursuits of man to contemplate the infinite and marvelous works of his Creator.

How glorious are the attributes of Nature! And how infinitesimal the knowledge we possess of them. Yet the little that we do know of her far exceeds our learning on all other subjects; and so multitudinous are her wonders that it is difficult to decide where to begin.

Shall we view her from the stand point of the physicist, chemist, geologist, botanist or zoologist? Let the book of nature's maker answer: "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth His handiwork."

So let us  
"Take the glass  
And search the skies. The opening skies  
Pour down  
Upon our gaze thick showers of sparkling fires—  
Stars, crowded, throngs in regions so remote,  
That their swift beams—the swiftest things that be—  
Have traveled centuries on their flight to earth.  
Earth, sun and constellations! What are ye amid this infinite extent  
And multitude of God's most infinite works!"

Oh, 'tis an enchanting pleasure to be permitted to raise our eyes and minds beyond the narrow limits of the earth and soar among those brighter worlds above! It is then that our souls become enraptured with admiration and respect for the Creator, and that we feel that we are in closer contact with our God.

Call to mind the great discovery of Newton, which stands as the

firm bulwark of our present science of astronomy.

It was this: Being acquainted with the existence of a force that drew all bodies to the earth, he thought it would be strange if this property belonged exclusively to the earth; that this might be a property of all matter, and showed to the world that the movements of bodies in our solar system could be accounted for by the grand theory of gravitation.

Then direct your attention to the molecular theory, which assumes that all matter is composed of minute particles, separated from each other by spaces which are comparatively very great; that these particles are always in a state of motion, governed by the same force that exists between the heavenly bodies, but having in this case the special name of cohesion.

So many of the facts of physics and chemistry are accounted for by this theory that is now but little doubted.

But to return to our stars. The vast majority of those that we see are known to shine by their own light, to be suns like ours, and to have small bodies revolving about them, which may be inhabited.

"Shall we say of them," asks a certain writer, "that they are created in vain"? Were they caused into existence for no other purpose than to throw a tide of useless splendor over the solitude of immensity? Our sun is only one of these luminaries, and we know that he has worlds in his train.

Why should we strip the earth of this princely attendance? Why not each one of them be the center of his own system and give light to his own worlds? It is true that we see them not; but could the eye of man take its flight into those distant regions it would lose sight of our little worlds before it reached the outer limits of our system; the greater planets would disappear, in their turn, before it had passed a small portion of that abyss which separates us from the fixed stars; the sun would shrink into a little spot, and all its splendid retinue of world be lost in the immensity of distance. Why resist the grand and interesting conclusion? Each of these stars may be the token of a system as vast and glorious as the one that we inhabit. Worlds roll in these distant regions, and must be the mansions of life and of intelligence. In yonder canopy of heaven we see the broad aspect of the universe, where each shining point presents us with a sun, and each sun with a system of worlds, where the Divinity reigns in all the grandeur of His attributes; where His peoples immensity with His wonders, and travels in the greatness of His strength through the dominion of one vast and unlimited monarchy.

Each star that shines upon our earth, even the tiniest one, illuminates our sky in a small degree. Now, if this was continued indefinitely we should receive an infinite amount of light—even our midnight sky would be so bright as to blind us. We know this is not the case, and yet it undoubtedly would be, were stars distributed through space as thickly as they are within the limit the eye of mortal man has pierced. Hence our stellar system must be limited. Now it is impossible to suppose a limit to space, and it is improbable that there is nothing but our finite solar system in all space. There must, therefore, be other systems, perhaps grander than our own, that never will be known to our world. The better way to explain this, let us go back to our molecules. Here we see a body composed of particles separated by space. Turn to our stellar system; cannot we suppose that to be some stupendous body of which the sun, moon and stars, together with our little earth, form the particles.

But let us not stop here; carry our theory further, and further yet, so that we may be able to conceive somewhat of the grandeur of the works of God.

If our stellar system is such a body as has been described, it must be a part of some still larger world, the dimensions of which our minds would not be able to compass; and may not even this supposed world be a particle in one still larger? Now, is it reasonable to suppose that a molecule is the smallest particle of matter; for if we were small enough to live on them we cannot doubt but that we could pick up objects from it as we would a stone from the earth. And it can be imagined that these objects would still have their molecules, and that these molecules supported tiny beings. And, since I have gone so far, let me confess that I believe this system is continued on and on, and up and

down the scale in both directions *ad infinitum*. Grand as this conception of nature may appear to our narrow minds, it falls far short of her wonders, and gives only a faint idea of her stupendous Creator. Would that some idea of the glory of the works of our omnipotent and omnipresent Creator could be infused into the minds of every living creature. Then no longer would there be one who doubted the existence of a God. There may be some difficulty in imagining a molecule to be anything like our earth, and as large an object as our stellar system to be only a particle; but it should be remembered that size is only a relative term, and that, if you were gigantic enough to hold our stellar system in your hand, you would then wonder how it could be composed of particles, inhabited by beings, some of whom prided themselves on their size and strength. Follow a little further the argument, and let us regard all around us in the broad light of this theory. For aught we know to the contrary, when we heat an object or dissolve a substance, we may at that moment be destroying countless races of living beings. And who shall say that, if such minute creatures exist, they have no souls? Where is the man that has attained to knowledge so profound as this? Yet the Creator of all—pigeons and giants, worlds and systems, and space—sees and judges, and cares for all.

When we contemplate nature, her richness never overtakes us, and it only grieves us that a limit is put to our investigations; but we are soled by the thought that when we have Him, the Creator, for a preceptor, our knowledge shall be limitless as the universe. Truly the German poet, Richter, has spoken well in those wonderful words which the English prose poet, DeQuincey, has so nobly translated. His splendid vision aptly expresses the feebleness of man's conception in the presence of the infinite wonders of creation:

"God called up from a dream a man in the vestibule of Heaven, saying: 'Come thou hither and see the glory of My house'. And to the angels which stood around His throne He said: 'Take him, strip him from the robes of flesh, cleanse his vision, and put a new breath in his nostrils, only touch not within any change of his human heart—the heart that weeps and trembles! It was done, and with a mighty angel for his guide, the man stood ready for his infinite voyage; and from the terrace of Heaven, without sound or farewell, at once they whirled away into endless space. Sometimes, with the solemn flight of angel wings, they passed through Zaharas of darkness, through wildernesses of death that divides the worlds of life; sometimes they swept over frontiers that were quickening under prophetic motions from God. Then from a distance which is counted only in the Heavens, light dawned for a while through a shapeless film; by unutterable pace the light swept to them—they by unutterable pace to the light. In a moment the rushing of planets was upon them. Then came eternities of twilight that revealed, but were not revealed. On the right hand and on the left towered mighty constellations, that by self-repetition and answers from afar, that by counter positions built up triumphal gates, whose architraves, whose archways, horizontal, upright, rested, rose at attitude by spans that seemed ghostly from infinitude. Without measure were the architraves, past number were the archways, beyond memory the gates. Within were stairs that scaled the eternities around; above was below and below was above to the man stripped of gravitating body. Depth was swallowed up in height insurmountable; height was swallowed up in depth unfathomable. Suddenly, as thus they rode from infinite to infinite; suddenly, as they tilted over abyssal worlds, a mighty cry arose that systems more mysterious, that worlds more billowy, other heights and other depths were coming, nearing, were at hand. Then the man sighed, stopped, shuddered and wept."

"His overladen heart uttered itself in tears, and he said: 'Angel, I will go no farther, for the spirit of man acheth with this infinity. Insufferable is the glory of God. Let me lie down in the grave and hide me from the persecution of the Infinite, for the end I see there is none'. And from all the listening stars that shone around issued a choral voice: 'The man speaketh truly; end, there is none that ever yet we heard of! 'End, is there none?' the angel solemnly demanded, 'Is there, indeed, no end?'"

"And is this the sorrow that fills you? But no voice answered that he might answer himself. Then the angel threw up his glorious hands to the Heaven of Heavens, saying: 'End, is there none to the universe of God. So! also, is there no beginning.'"

Well may we exclaim with the Psalmist, in adoring humility and astonishment: "When I consider Thy Heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars which Thou hast ordained, what is man that Thou art mindful of him, and the son of man, that Thou visitest him?"

W. H. CRAWLEY.

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